

Too  
Old?

A Saga of the  
“South Pacific”

by Eleanor Wilson  
The Lady of *The Lady was a Skipper*

## A Saga of the "South Pacific"

"THE SOUTH PACIFIC" - today those words bring visions of romance, of laughing girls in grass skirts, of melodious voices accompanied by strummed instruments and of white sandy beaches which spell relaxation and fun, but in 1898 the Misses Elizabeth and Jane Baldwin had no such visions, to them "The South Pacific" spelled islands still lying in ignorance and spiritual darkness.

My first meeting with the Baldwin sisters was in 1936 on the island of Kusaie, called "the Pearl of the Pacific," lying easternmost of the Caroline islands, five degrees north of the equator. On that 45-square-mile mountainous group of islands the Misses Baldwin had operated a school, translated books, and tended the sick for twenty-four years without any vacations. This was not by their choice for from time to time they had requested the mission board to send out workers which would allow the sisters to take a furlough. The Board, however, unable to secure new volunteers, always wrote back, "Close the school and come home." "Close the school!" "Close the school!" these words were anathema to the devoted Baldwin sisters. "Close the school" and deprive students from distant Truk, Ponape and the Marshall Islands of an education? Never! Furthermore, the Baldwin sisters felt sure that if the children went home they would never return to school, so the devoted sisters remained. Year after year they trained young men and young women who went back to their homes ready to help with the Church day schools and Sunday schools.

When word finally came in 1935 that missionaries had been appointed, the Baldwins were in their 70's. They thrilled with anticipation at the thought of seeing their dear ones again! A request for winter coats, hats, mufflers, warm underwear, stockings and suitcases, was sent to their niece in Orange, New Jersey. Their baggage had disintegrated long ago in the humid tropics and none of their clothing was appropriate for use outside of the warm climate where they had lived so many years. Slowly, however, there began to come into their eager thoughts of returning to America a somber note. They recalled the many friends and relatives who had died during the past twenty-four years. How few were the persons they now knew in New Jersey! A lonely feeling swept over them. They would be strangers returning to a now strange city. Kusaie was their HOME. Here they were among beloved friends. Here they would stay. The Islanders were delighted. The earnest Christian King Jon of Kusaie built the two veteran missionaries a small house on a plot of his land in Lelu right by the harbor. It was here they were living in May 1936 when the Rev. and Mrs. Clarence McCall and I arrived to take up the work at the mission school which the Baldwin sisters could at last lay down with joyful relief.

The Misses Baldwin, born into a well-to-do Newark, New Jersey family, were faithful members of the First Presbyterian Church. At an early age they felt called of God to take the "Good News to those living in darkness," but also they believed they should honor their father and mother by remaining with them as long as they lived so it was not until 1898, after both parents had passed on that these sisters applied to their Mission Board for work on the foreign field, but when the secretary of that Board learned that Miss Elizabeth was already thirty-nine years old and Miss Jane thirty-five, he said they were too old to begin work on the foreign field, too old to learn a strange language and too old to adjust to life in a foreign land. After such a rebuff most people would have given up all thought of work abroad. Not so with these Baldwin sisters. They felt, as Abraham did, "called of God to go out not knowing where." The philosophy of that old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try-try again" had been drilled into them as children, it was a part of their very being, so they offered themselves to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational) in Boston. That Board

secretary asked, "Where do you wish to work?" Their prompt reply, "Where no one else wants to go" impressed her with their devotion. "Would you be willing to go to Ruk, a small island far out in the western Pacific, some three thousand miles southwest of the Hawaiian Islands?" she queried. Those stoic women had never heard of Ruk but if there was a need in that distant place, they were willing to go. That settled it; they were appointed as missionaries to Ruk. God had answered the sisters' prayers and they served there for eleven years before being assigned to Kusaie.

This "Ruk," now called "Truk" was unknown to most Americans until World War II when newspapers acclaimed it as the Japanese navy base for their Mandated Islands. The Truk lagoon was said to be large enough to harbor all of the ships belonging to the Japanese navy. Headlines announced that United States planes were flying missions from Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands and later from Majuro in the Marshall Islands to Truk to bomb installations on shore, and ships in the lagoon.

Some refer to Truk, formerly Ruk, as an island. This is a misnomer. Truk is an unusual *atoll*. Unlike the Marshall atolls, whose islands are all low ones on the coral reefs, the Truk Atoll has several high islands rising up in the lagoon, as well as low coral ones on the reef which surrounds the lagoon. Dublon, which was the capitol island of the Truk District under the German and Japanese rule, and Moen, which is its capitol today, are two such high islands.

Today Truk is part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific, U. S. A. It is visited by many tourists, as well as having civil service, Peace Corps and missionary workers stationed there. However, before the turn of the century, when Ruk was controlled by the Spaniards, the only Americans stationed there were missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This Truk was the Baldwins' destination when they set out from Newark on July 25, 1898 for San Francisco where they were to board a ship for Micronesia.

After mission work began in Micronesia the need was imperative for a ship to take workers, letters and supplies out there, to visit the different mission stations in that area and to transport missionaries going on furlough back to the States, as well as to bring letters from missionaries on the field. Morning Stars, I, II, III and IV had met that need since 1857. They were small sailing vessels built with money raised by Sunday school children in the United States and Hawaii and often referred to as "God's little White Ships." Morning Star IV was no longer seaworthy and the fifth has not yet been built so the Baldwins and other missionaries were given passage on a privately owned sailing vessel, The Queen of the Isles. She was a "two-masted bald-headed schooner, one hundred feet long with a twenty-four foot beam."

The trip by train to San Francisco was made without incident. They arrived on schedule but then they met frustration for the time of sailing was postponed again and again for almost a month. Friends would go to the wharf to see the ship off only to learn that it had not yet been launched. At last it was announced that the ship would sail on a certain day at ten o'clock in the morning. The sisters were on board with all their baggage only to be told that the cook had decided the last minute not to go! Another cook, Jimmy Craig by name, was found and when he was aboard with his luggage, the ship sailed. The Misses Baldwin were at last on their way to far-off Ruk!

The time of departure had been postponed so often that by now there were only two friends to wave good-bye to the sisters. They had no time to feel disappointed, they were concerned for others. To quote from Miss Elizabeth's diary, "Dear Mrs. Channon's eyes filled with tears as we glided out upon the ocean which was now to separate her from three of her children, the oldest of whom was only ten

years of age! The Channons were missionaries who were returning to their work in Kusaie.

Miss Elizabeth's saving sense of humor was revealed by her account of their departure. "The kerosene engine had been lighted to furnish the power to take us out of the harbor, and owing to some little disarrangement the explosions of gas frequently occurred in the smoke pipes instead of in the engine as is intended, so that we went out firing salutes to our native shore."

She also wrote in her diary, "One has rather a peculiar sensation as the shore of the native land grows dim in the distance, perhaps it can be described as well by what Mr. Channon says of the way he is affected sometimes when he thinks of the children left behind as by anything else, that is, 'a funny feeling in the throat,' yet we rejoice that the hour has come when we can go forth with the glad tidings of great joy, and with a prayer that God will abundantly bless our native land and our loved ones there; we go forth to those who are still in the darkness and bondage of sin."

The Baldwins' sense of humor was probably strained many times on that sea voyage. The little vessel's forward deck was filled with lumber and other equipment therefore the passengers were unable to go out there. Even the cook had difficulties when passing from the galley to the dining salon. A store room had to be used as a stateroom for the first mate and engineer, because Mrs. Channon and her two youngest children occupied the stateroom designated for the first mate. Mr. Channon slept on a low "transom" which provided seating space for passengers at meal time. In the captain's cabin reposed three trunks, a large variety of boxes, bundles, bags and two mattresses which were put on the deck for the two older Channon children to sleep on. There was only one bathroom for the use of all the people aboard. The Baldwins had taken two basins with them so they "performed their ablutions" in their cabin which was six by five feet and six feet high.

The port hole in their cabin was eight and a half inches in diameter. They had a looking glass, a small shelf to accommodate a water bottle and one tumbler, and there were two hooks on which they could hang their clothing. There were two bunks, one over the other. The lower one was six feet long and twenty-five inches wide; the upper one was six feet long and twenty-two inches wide. Miss Elizabeth slept, or attempted to sleep, in the upper bunk. She could sit up in it if she took care to bring her head up between two beams. If she miscalculated, or forgot, a resound whack was the result. Miss Jane could not even sit up in her bunk. The only place to sit in their cabin was on the floor.

Added to cramped living quarters was the lack of any deck space to exercise. Four steps led to a rear deck where the five adults and four children could read, write, sing or just gaze at the beautiful sunsets, the moon or the stars. That deck was only seventeen by nine and a half feet. In the middle was the "wheel and wheel-box" which occupied a space about four feet by two. There was a hatch-way about two and a half feet square which was a constant source of anxiety because of the children. In spite of all the watchful care once young Stephen Channon bounced down it, but Miss Elizabeth said that he was so fat it did not seem to make any impression on him for he came up intact. Last of all, there were two bits and a compressor to which the lines from the main sail were fastened, and people who sail know that those lines cross the back part of the deck either on one side or the other depending upon the position of the main sail. If one is good at figuring he can calculate how much space was left on the rear deck for five adults and four children to sit, plus standing room for the captain and the mate when they took celestial sights.

The Queen of the Isles had a beautiful name but she was far from a luxury liner and it must have taken

a great deal of Christian grace to keep cheerful on that vessel. It would either make or break a missionary! The Baldwin sisters often thought of the parting text given to them by a friend: "See that ye fall not out by the way."

There was a great variety of nationalities among the workers on the ship. The captain was an Englishman, a South Sea trader; the first mate was a Virginian; the engineer a Scotchman; the cook was a Welsh-Scotsman; and the four crewmen were Kusaiens who had worked on Morning Star IV. As no Star was to go to Micronesia that year the Kusaiens were returning home on The Queen of the Isles.

Mr. Channon's great Dane and a Maltese cat were also aboard. A cute white kitten, which had been born the day the ship was launched, had been given to the captain but one night the cook got drunk and threw the poor little creature overboard; it was not old enough to make sufficient noise to attract the attention of anyone on board so it drowned. The day after the cook's spree passengers did the cooking! The Baldwins laughingly told me it gave Mrs. Channon the welcome opportunity to wash the very dirty dish towel which the cook used for all purposes.

No stewardess or cabin boy was aboard, consequently when both sisters were seasick, "The Guardian Angel," as one passenger called the captain, turned nurse.

The food would not have pleased a Gourmet, yet it was plentiful and nutritious, if not always palatable. Miss Elizabeth did not knowingly eat any of the salt-horse. Tasty apples were enjoyed early every morning and quantities of English walnuts were "highly appreciated," as were the limeade and lemonade.

Early on the morning of September eleventh, the sixteenth day after sailing from San Francisco, the captain called the passengers to say land was in sight. The Misses Baldwin were elated for they knew they must be the Islands of Hawaii. They had visions of green fields gracing the blue water but when they went out on deck their vision vanished for all they could see of land was a ridge of a mountain rising above the clouds. "It took an experienced eye to recognize the ridge as land." How disappointed they were, but greater was their disappointment in not being able to visit those beautiful islands of Hawaii where they had hoped to receive some mail from their dear ones. The captain was not very sympathetic for he had to consider his business interests. He said it would cost more than he could make by going ashore at Honolulu, and he was already due at Jaluit.

Their first glimpse of Jaluit in the Marshall Islands was of tall coconut palms but as they drew nearer to the atoll they saw small islands rising not many feet above the reef. Five other vessels were anchored near the Queen of the Isles. Islanders, paddling their outrigger canoes, sped around her. Mrs. Channon called out "Yokwe Kom" (words of greeting), which brought back a hearty "Yokwe Yuk" from the Marshallese.

The average run from San Francisco to Jaluit was said to be about one hundred and fifty miles a day. They had left there at noon on August twenty-sixth, saw only one vessel and that was on their first Sunday out of San Francisco. They reached Jaluit thirty one days later on September twenty-seventh. Jaluit meant clean sheets for the bunks, their first since leaving the West Coast.

These Marshallese Islands had been claimed by the Germans some years previously and it was not long before a German physician together with the harbor manager climbed the ladder which had been

lowered for them. The doctor looked at the passengers in quite a perfunctory way and seemed satisfied with their appearance. Fortunately Miss Jane had been able to go out on deck although most of the trip she had lain in her bunk or on the transom in the dining salon. She summed up all she had to say about the trip to one word, "seasick." She had been sick from the very first hour, not even able to go to the first meal and for twenty days she was on her back most of the time. The rest of the journey she was up and down, but mostly down. Her system was so disarranged that it was almost impossible to give her any food that she could retain. She was even sick going into the Jaluit lagoon but was up the next morning before the doctor came aboard.

Miss Elizabeth was a better sailor than her sister. However, because of having been up all the first night with her sister, she too was sick for three or four days. From then on she was usually all right. She even helped to entertain the children who were aboard. Once when the deck was slippery because of a squall which had just passed, Miss Elizabeth and the children started across the rear deck at a "pretty lively pace" so that before she knew it, her feet went out from under her causing her head to be thrown with great force against one of the bitts which cut a gash right over her temple. They "plastered" her up and she thought no more of her injury, except to regret that she looked so terribly!

All the passengers felt the evil effects of having been unable to secure restful sleep at night. Miss Elizabeth wrote, "The ceaseless motion of the vessel, pitch and tumble, roll and roll and tumble and pitch, the many unusual noises (sometimes the flapping of the sails, the wrenching of the ropes and the cracking of the timbers sounded as if an army of wild beasts were let loose over our heads), the shouts of the officers giving commands, the striking of the nautical clock and the bell announcing each half hour and the change of the watches, the hard and narrow berth and the heat have all conspired to make us restless and wakeful at night, and we have found it impossible to sleep during the day-time for our quarters are so small we cannot get any where beyond the noise of the four little children."

One frightening experience was when the dread cry of "fire" was heard. One of the sails had caught fire from the galley funnel but it was extinguished quickly and all was again calm as far as the fire was concerned, but nothing could stop the rocking of the boat and the noises that shattered sleep.

An amazing thing happened when, after a thunder storm, St. Elmo's Fire, or what is known as "Corposant," was attached to the forward mast and shone as brightly as a star for several minutes!

The five vessels which had arrived in Jaluit before the Queen had to be serviced which meant that the passengers on the Queen of the Isles had a respite from the rolling seas of about two weeks.

Regarding their first visit ashore Miss Elizabeth wrote: "The first afternoon we went on shore Mrs. Channon, Jennie and I went to the women's prayer meeting in the native church. The church is built in native fashion with a frame-work of wood and thatch sides and roof. The floor is covered with native mats, and on this the audience, consisting of about eighty women and girls, and forty little children and babies, sat. Mrs. Capelle, a native, but the wife of one of the German traders here, had charge of the meeting and sat on one of the four chairs in front, while we occupied the other three. It was conducted much as such a meeting would be at home, and it was pleasant to see how many took part. Altogether it was a very interesting meeting and our only regret was that all we could say to them was "Yokwe yok," the ordinary salutation, as they shook hands with us at the close of the meeting."

By October 7 the cargo had all been discharged from the little ship which meant they needed ballast.

That was handed up from a vessel belonging to the captain which had sunk in the lagoon.

Sunday morning the sisters attended the worship service at the church and were surprised to see the man and boys sitting on one side and the women and girls on the other. There were so many people some had to remain outside the building grouped around the doors and windows. Mr. Channon conducted the service, speaking in the Gilbert Island language. A Marshallese who had attended the Girls' School at Kusaie, interpreted for him. Jeremiah, the Island pastor, lived nine and a half miles across the lagoon and had eight churches under his care, going from one to the other like a circuit-rider. It was this Jeremiah of whom one of the missionaries had written, "If nothing else had been accomplished by the work it would have paid for all it has cost for one such man as Jeremiah." Later the Baldwins had the privilege of meeting him and remarked that "It enables one to realize anew that the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

The Baldwins and Mrs. Channon spoke and sang at the second woman's meeting which they attended. The Queen of Ebon, the southern most atoll of the Marshall Islands and the one on which the first missionaries began their work in 1857, was at the meeting. After having shaken hands with the Baldwin sisters and Mrs. Channon the Queen sat down at their feet.

Miss Elizabeth wrote, "We have enjoyed meeting with these people very much, and our hearts have been filled with joy to see the triumphs of God's grace here, when the people are subject to such temptations. Not a white man's face was seen at the service on Sunday, although there are some twenty to thirty residing on the island. This is the headquarters of the German government for the Marshall Islands and is also the principal trading station but no missionary resides here.... This evening we heard from the wharf 'Queen of the Isles, ship ahoy,' and knew that it must be the commissioner's wife, for she had said she would come if she could, and as they have no boat of their own, our people had offered to go to shore for her. Mr. Channon rowed over and soon returned with Mrs. Brandeis and her maid (Snowball the captain called her – she is black as the ace of spades). Mrs. Dongall, wife of the mate of the Hercules, a trading vessel working for the firm here, and Mrs. Losner, her daughter, who is the wife of the firm's representative at Batairitari.\* The latter is but seventeen years old, and is a very pretty girl. Mrs. Dongall has just recently been married a second time, her first husband kept the hotel or saloon here, and she has continued the business. We treated them to crackers and lemonade with unfermented grape juice as a flavoring, a very nice drink but a little tame for these people, I fear. I will not say that all the visitors to the vessel are treated so harmless a concoction as this, but these were our guests and we were glad that for once we could control the "treat." I have since learned that the commissioner has a boat but it was not convenient for them to use it. There are but three white women living on this island: Mrs. Brandeis, Mrs. Dongall and Mrs. Kremlin, wife of the captain of the Hercules.

While the Queen of the Isles was anchored in the Jaluit lagoon a cry "Hiram Bingham" was heard. It was the little mission schooner on its way from Kusaie. Dr. Rife, a missionary aboard, came to the Queen for breakfast. Because the Morning Star had not appeared Dr. Rife had come to tour through the Marshall Islands on the little Hiram Bingham. It was a source of inspiration for the Baldwin sisters to come to know another of the missionaries who worked in Micronesia.

The sixteen-day wait at Jaluit did not seem as exasperating to the Baldwins as had the long delay in San

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\* Batairitari is in the Gilbert Islands.

Francisco, for now they were meeting Islanders and beginning to tell them of Jesus' love, also they were learning much from Dr. Rife about the starting of mission work on Ruk.

One thrilling and fascinating story he told was how the mission work on Ruk started some two decades before.

Mr. Sturgess, the senior missionary in the Ponape district, had taken into his home a young boy whose Gilbertese father and Ponapean mother had been killed by a group of Ponapeans when the lad was a wee baby. An island woman had kept the infant until she feared that he too might be killed, then she took him to Mr. Sturgess. The child was given every advantage of a Christian home. As he grew older he became greatly impressed with the similarity of his experience and those of Moses who had been found in the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter, therefore when the fellow was to be baptized he chose Moses as his Christian name.

Later he married Deborah, an earnest Christian woman. Mr. Sturgess placed them as missionaries in the Mortlock Islands. Some time afterward Mr. Sturgess visited the Mortlock Islands and saw what a splendid piece of work Moses and his wife were doing there, consequently when Mr. Sturgess thought of starting work in Ruk he felt Moses and Deborah were the ones to take there, for missionaries with experience were needed. On the missionary's next visit to the Mortlocks it was decided that Moses and Deborah should go to Ruk and another Ponapean couple was left to take their place.

The people of Ruk had a reputation of being very fierce. It took courage and faith to face the task of opening work in Ruk and when Mr. Sturgess went ashore at Ruk with Moses and Deborah they did not know whether they would be killed or not. To the surprise of everyone they were welcomed by the chief who said they wanted a teacher. He promised to care for the young couple if they would stay, so Mr. Sturgess left them with a song of praise and thanksgiving in his heart. Thus the foundation for Christian work had been laid before the first American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, arrived. The Baldwins were greatly impressed by that story and looked forward with great anticipation to meeting that courageous Island couple who had first proclaimed the Good News to the people of Ruk.

Some changes in the ship's staff had taken place at Jaluit. Jimmy Craig, the kitten-throwing, not too cleanly cook left the ship and his place was taken by a Chinese cook. A Marshall Islander with a broad grin became cabin boy, a post not filled earlier.

At seven in the morning of October 12 up came the anchor and they were off again. It took an hour and a half to cross the lagoon to the north-east pass, by Elizabeth Island, which is in the form of an S and requires skillful navigating to get out to the ocean.

Just at supper time on the following Sunday Kusaie was sighted. Although the mountains on Kusaie could be seen from quite a long distance, the ship was becalmed for hours, and it was early Monday afternoon before people at the mission spied the approaching vessel, then Captain Walkup, a former captain of the Morning Star, and some of the Gilbert Island students rushed down to the wharf, jumped into an outrigger canoe and paddled out to meet the ship thus enabling Captain Walkup to pilot the schooner into the Morning Star harbor. As soon as the anchor was dropped the little Queen of the Isles was swarming with Islanders, all of whom wished to shake hands with everyone on board. A cordial invitation was given to the sisters by Miss Olin, a missionary at the Girls' School, to be their guests while the ship was in port. They were delighted to have a few nights of rest on land.



It was a breath-taking climb up to Mwot, the place on the side of the mountain where the schools were situated. Part of the way was merely a grass path and part of the way there were coral steps which had been cut out of the reef. According to custom some of the girls greeted the sisters with floral crowns which they wore "to please the girls."

The men could work only when the tide was high enough to float the dinghy to shore, therefore the schooner was at Kusaie from Monday until Thursday unloading and getting to shore the thirty-five tons of supplies for the mission.

The arrival of the vessel brought added joy to those at the school for the food supplies were very low. Had the previous year's supply of rice and beans not been unusually large both students and teachers would have had very small rations.

The day the ship was to sail the Baldwins arose early and were on the outrigger canoe shortly after seven o'clock. Unfortunately the tide was low so they had to be paddled outside the reef in order to reach the harbor. When the captain of the Queen of the Isles saw his passengers going out to the ocean, he hoisted the anchor and met them outside the reef where the sisters were "hauled" up over the side of the ship.

The Baldwins missed the Channon family but realized how happy they were to be back at their work and no longer confined to such cramped quarters as they had endured on the ship.

A week after their departure from Kusaie the ship reached Nuknor (now spelled Nukuoro), some five hundred miles west and a little north of Kusaie. The captain went there for trading purposes and, although it delayed the Misses Baldwin's arrival at Ruk, they were happy to have the opportunity of seeing those Polynesians, about one hundred and twenty-three of them, who spoke a corrupt Samoan language. They were descended from Samoans who had settled there about one hundred and fifty years before. Most of the inhabitants spoke some English too, which seemed strange to the sisters for the only white man there was a Frenchman, the captain's agent, and only one white woman had ever been there. To quote again from Miss Elizabeth's diary, "An occasional trading vessel is about their only contact with the outside world, yet these people are gentle and semi-civilized and are anxious for a teacher. The first ones who came on board the vessel, learning that we were missionaries going to Ruk, asked us if we would not like to stay there.... There has never been a teacher or preacher here except, as we afterward learned, a native who soon died, yet they observed Sunday and Christmas in so far that they do not work.... Yesterday three native women came on board and stayed all day. They examined our clothing carefully, felt of our shoes and wanted to know how long our stockings were; they asked which was the older of the two, and if we had any babies. When we told them we were unmarried and asked if they had husbands, two of them said, "no," but they both are mothers. Our hearts ached for these poor women and we wished so much that we might stay and tell them of Him who is mighty to save." Incidentally, it amused the Baldwins to have one of the women speak to them as "you two fellows."

The Queen of the Isles took on copra (dried coconut meat) at Nuknor as well as more ballast which caused another delay. The Islanders were friendly. One day the Queen's granddaughter went on board and gave the women some huge drinking coconuts, one of which held six tumblers of water. The Baldwin sisters ate the soft meat in those nuts with a spoon and found the food delicious. On Sunday

the Misses Baldwin tried to teach the women and girls the first stanza of "Jesus loves Me" and afterwards it touched Miss Elizabeth deeply to hear one girl saying again and again, "Jesus loves me." That girl was the daughter of a German trader who had deserted her before she was old enough to know him, and her mother had cast her off for others to rear. The Baldwin sisters felt so keenly for this unfortunate girl that when they left Nukuoro Miss Jane said she could now understand why so many missionaries broke down on the mission field.

The next step was at Natawan in the Mortlock Islands where the Baldwins felt the people looked much more barbaric than those on Nukuoro, however they were impressed with the difference in the looks of two islands teachers. Miss Elizabeth wrote of them, "Their appearance indicates the difference made in a man when the Gospel of Jesus Christ gets hold of him."

This was their last stop before reaching Ruk and one can imagine with what mixed emotions the Baldwin sisters faced their new life and surroundings.

On November 8, seventy-five days after leaving San Francisco, the little schooner entered the Ruk lagoon, and dropped her sails right off the point of land on which the mission was located. Immediately Mrs. Foster, wife of the captain of the station boat, The Robert Logan, and the 21-year-old adopted daughter of the Logans, Beulah, came out on a small boat manned by some of the Training School boys. When the women realized the ship was not the Morning Star they scarcely dared looking for mail or supplies but they did hope to glean some news of the outside world for the last they had heard was in May from a Japanese vessel, and that was not good news for it had been reported that the United States was at war with Spain.

The folks on the Queen of the Isles saw the boat coming and were ready to help the two ladies aboard. The captain and Mr. Simpson, a missionary returning to his work in Ruk, greeted them first, then the Baldwins shook their hands and invited them into the dining salon. Mr. Stimson, wondering why his welcome had not been more cordial, turned to Mrs. Foster and asked, "Anna, do you not know me?" Their recognition of him then brought a joyous welcome after which Beulah said, "Mr. Stimson will you not tell us who these ladies are?" for both she and Mrs. Foster had been wondering who the two women were. They thought both of them were too good looking to be the wife of the captain of a trading ship doing business out there!

Once ashore the four women started immediately to climb the steep hill to the mission property. While in America Miss Elizabeth had thought of how delightful it would be to get into the lagoon for a bath when she was hot. Now as sweat clouded her eyes and her body became wetter and wetter with perspiration she knew she would not be going down that hill for a swim when she was hot. The new missionaries were at last at "home," "home" being the Girls' dormitory.

Mrs. Logan began immediately to try to fatten the Misses Baldwin, who had lost weight while on the Queen of the Isles. They responded well for everything tasted especially delicious to them after their long season of ship fare. Two cows afforded an abundance of fresh milk to drink, gave cream for butter which tasted delicious on Mrs. Logan's home made bread, so it was not long before Miss Jane was saying, "Everything is getting tight!" By December sixth, just four weeks after their arrival, her health had improved greatly and she felt quite strong again, but she did not want anyone to talk in her hearing about ships. She almost became seasick one day just watching a canoe rocking in the lagoon!

In Micronesia, where a person lived was not indicated by street names, instead each location had a name, for instance the Girls' School was at Kufua Point and their dormitory, where the Baldwins lived, was at Falorij. Their simple frame house with a verandah extending around three sides of it, being on the ridge of a hill, commanded a gorgeous view of the deep blue lagoon, mountainous islands covered with green trees and the sky dotted with fleeting white puffs most of the time.

Even after life in their cramped quarters on the Queen of the Isles the Baldwins' living quarters seemed inadequate and they began planning an addition which would enable them to have a study on the first floor and a bedroom, bath and store room over it. The "bath" in this case was merely a bucket and basin of water.

Today the island on which the Baldwins lived is called "Dublon" but when they were on that island it was known as "Toloas."

The school had twenty-five boarding pupils, also the wives of the boys in the Training School who were married and some day students. Each morning after they had had a few classes the sisters spent an hour with the girls, giving them music and calisthenics.

The church, which held about two hundred and fifty people, was well filled for all services, and was near the school building. Miss Elizabeth wrote: "Quite a number attended the services who have not yet forsaken their heathenism and their scanty, dirty clothing, immense ear ornaments extending almost to their waist, and other barbarous adornments makes the contrast very striking between them and the Christian natives. The Christian men wear pants and a shirt, often having the shirt hanging loose over the pants, and the women wear Mother Hubbards. We have seen women attired in a shirt, and we have a couple living on one of these islands who, when the communion season came around said that they did not think they could come to the Lord's table for they had been quarreling. When asked what they were quarreling about they said they had a new red shirt and had disputed as to which should wear it to church."

Both the Sunday and Thursday evening English services for the missionaries were held in the Baldwins' sitting room after the students had gone to bed.

The sisters lived anything but a monotonous life and quite different from what they had imagined before reaching Ruk. A month after they arrived Miss Elizabeth wrote, "The last few days have been full of excitement. As the days of last week advanced, each day we would wonder whether the Robert Logan would be in that day, but it was not until Friday while we sat at dinner that the "Sail ho" came. We knew they would all be hungry, judging from our experience, and then it was Mr. Price's birthday, so we decided to have all the missionaries take supper with us. Immediately we set about to have some chickens killed and to make other preparations. These were all well under way when a native came up and said, 'It is not the Logan but Captain Hitchfield.' As Captain Hitchfield had only left a few days before for the Mortlocks, Mrs. Logan said at once 'Something must have happened.' I went as quickly as possible down to the boat landing, and was just in time to meet those of our number that had been away, as they stepped on shore from the little boat which had gone out to meet the schooner. We soon learned the sad story that the Logan had gone on the rocks in the lagoon of Satawan during a westerly gale, but our hearts went up in thankfulness that not one life was lost. The disaster occurred about six A.M. And they had to rush right from their berths to get off the ship which was rapidly filling. The native girls swam to the shore, though some of them were much bruised as the heavy sea would thrown

them against the rocks. When the men saw that every girl had reached the shore in safety, Mr. Price took Beulah Logan in the little boat, and after being nearly swamped they too finally reached shore in safety. The men went right to work to save all they could from the vessel, and succeeded in getting everything off, but the vessel was totally lost. We do not know whether it was insured or not, but we sincerely hope that another vessel may speedily be sent out, as it is necessary for carrying on the work already started as well as for pressing forward to the islands beyond us, which are beginning to call for the light.

“The little company all came to supper and we had a very pleasant meal together, but immediately after, the question came up: ‘What are we going to do about our orders?’ and it was decided that we should make them out that night to send by Captain Hitchfield the next morning. We were almost appalled when we thought of it, for in addition to all other orders there was the planning what was essential for the proposed extension to the building. Mr. Stimson sat down and went right to work drafting plans. Mr. Price had to leave for a while then he too returned and they remained with us until about midnight. Then all these had to be copied and the other orders made out, so it was twenty minutes past six in the morning when we put out our lamps and laid our pens aside.

“We sent our orders by Captain Hitchfield, but none of the rest of the mail, as he knew it would be some time before he would reach a port from which they could be posted.

“On the same day another vessel was seen entering the lagoon and this proved to be a Japanese schooner bound for Japan. They expected to sail next Monday, and Mr. Price has decided to start in this way for America, and we will send our mail with him, including duplicates of all our orders, as probably these will reach home before the others.”

This having to decide months in advance what they would require for the following year was a new experience for those Baldwin spinsters. Then when all of the supplies arrived it was difficult to find storage space for everything, and to check all the bills and statements to make sure that everything had been received took much time. That was not all, anything that had iron on it had to be examined and if rust had appeared that had to be taken off and the iron properly greased or it would be nearly eaten up with rust before it was needed. Salt was quickly put into glass containers to keep it from turning into a salt water pond. When at last the trade goods, pots, kettles, pans, tools, medicines and food were unpacked and arranged, then immediately orders for the following year had to be prepared and of course they had to order for the school as well as for themselves. No one who has not gone thru such an experience can realize the task it was.

When the school was first opened it was difficult to persuade parents to send their daughters, therefore as a special inducement nothing was charged for tuition, board, room or clothing. In those days people could sell a girl for a few yards of calico cloth which caused them to feel it was a great sacrifice to let a girl go to the mission school. Also often a girl who had studied in that school would become a Christian, marry one of the young men who had studied in the Training School and go out with him to work which displeased her parents as they did not wish her to become a “missionary.” However, by the time the Baldwins had taken charge of the school Christian parents were beginning to value the school and what it had to offer. The students did not go home for any vacations, therefore the missionaries had no respite from noise and anxiety until night-time when the girls were asleep on their pandanus mats which were spread on the floor.

The Baldwins required a certain amount of order during school hours, but followed the Island custom and let the girls talk together in classes. The “play hours” were devoted to “noisy” play on the graveled paths, and playing and singing on the verandah. The girls were very good at singing, carrying all four parts skillfully. It constituted one of their most pleasant and profitable “employments.”

Saturday afternoons the girls were allowed to entertain the young men studying at the Training School. They would sit on the porch just outside the Baldwins' sitting room and would sing some gospel hymns in English which they had learned or some new hymn in their own tongue. Miss Jane said their singing was often very sweet, even though their speaking voices were loud and harsh. When they learned a new hymn they would sing it over and over, never seeming to weary of it, and gladly gave free instruction to visitors who might drop by. The sisters tried to translate and teach the girls a new hymn every few weeks. Three of the girls owned accordions which added to their pleasure, if not to that of the Baldwin sisters, one of whom wrote, “Sometimes all three are playing at one time in a different key in various parts of the house and we feel like saying with the Psalmist 'Oh that I had wings like a dove!' But then we remember how much our dear girls need our presence for their protection and instruction, and we thank the Lord for the refuge to those who wish to live purely, that our school affords.” There was no time, day or night, when both of them left the girls alone in their dormitory, which meant the sisters could not walk together to the crest of the hill and watch the ever changing clouds reflecting their bright colors on the water of the lagoon.

The girls seemed similar in temperament to those back in New Jersey; sometimes they were good and diligent and at other times there were sulky and cross, then they wanted to run away which meant the teachers must pursue them up and down hill through the tall grass and weeds. It was a Ruk fashion for women to run away from their “husbands” when angry. The word husband is in quotation marks because at that time in Ruk a man simply took a few yards of cloth to a girl's father, brother or uncle and then carried the girl off. Family “jars” were frequent occurrences, for the men were often cruel and beat, cut or bit their women.

To walk tandem was the fashion in Ruk, which meant that most of the paths were simply trails through the high grass and over rocks. The Baldwins found the climate “delightful.” Except in the extreme hot weather the mornings and evenings were generally cool. As a rule the summer months were very sultry and with very little change in the thermometer. The rest of the year the strong trade winds gave more life to the atmosphere and made the heat less oppressive. The thermometer registered from 85 to 98 degrees in the house. They did not see the thermometer drop below 78 degrees. Stories of winter, snow, ice and frost were as strange to the students as fairy tales. The Baldwins often found it difficult to teach because so many illustrations they wanted to use would have been enigmas to the students, who had never seen a horse, wagon, telegraph pole, or electric car, nor even a snake. Flowers such as grew in New Jersey were seldom found in Ruk. Most of the seeds which the Baldwins took out with them did not germinate. Ferns, vines and weeds were plentiful!

The sisters were able to grow some bananas and pineapples, which they found more palatable than fermented breadfruit cakes. Fortunately they learned to enjoy sour sop and papaya but it did not seem possible that they would ever enjoy the taste of “turpentine,” however they were able to acquire, if not a taste for, at least the ability to eat mangoes.

A small bucket of white potatoes, the first they had seen in many months, and a tin of tea brought by a Japanese were greatly appreciated, as were the sweet potatoes which thrived in that climate. Fresh

breadfruit relieved the monotony of canned vegetables. Oysters could be bought only in tin cans but there was a small clam about the size of a penny which they liked. Women sometimes brought them fish long past their prime and thought it strange that the missionaries would not buy them, for the Islanders were so accustomed to eating rotten fish and wormy food it was difficult for them to comprehend such fastidiousness. There was a great variety of fish in the lagoon and in the ocean. Occasionally the sisters would have some good fish but they did not have as many as they would have liked. One time a man brought them fish quite regularly but his trap broke and he was “too lazy” to make a new one!

Their water for drinking, bathing, washing and for all household purposes was rain water. The corrugated iron roofing was kept “passably” clean by the almost daily showers. The water was stored in four large iron tanks containing four hundred gallons each and one redwood tank which held a thousand gallons.

At times the heavy trade winds would stir up the water in the lagoon making it very beautiful to look at from land but not safe to be on.

Miss Baldwin wrote, “The rain coming down in sheets, and the clatter on the iron roof and windows, the rocking of the house and the creaking of the timbers, the swaying and sighing of the trees, the roaring of the wind and boom of the waves dashing upon the rocks make sleep impossible for a time and give one an uncomfortable feeling. At other times the water ,looks like a sea of glass, with scarcely a ripple on its surface.”

Mosquitoes were plentiful and “cheap!” They did not bother much in the day-time but in the evening they kept the missionaries in perpetual motion if they were outside, or in their unscreened rooms. Fortunately their bedroom was screened and only a few stray mosquitoes could gain admission there.

In Ruk one kept time by observing the sun. Day-light ended about 6:30 P.M. And the sun rose in winter about 6:10 A.M. And in the summer about 5:50 A.M. With no trains starting on the dot, everyone managed to live comfortably! The moon-light nights were “gorgeous” and far surpassed those in Newark.

A kindergarten for little children living nearby had an enrollment of about fifty. They were allowed to do as they pleased, playing on the verandah or on the ground by the house. It must have been a blessed relief for those little tots to be where they would not be disciplined by their mothers who punished by slapping or kicking which incited the children to kick, bite or pelt their mothers with stones, which in turn brought all the more slapping and kicking. The Baldwins said that little children around kept them from being oldmaidish.

In addition to the regular school and household duties, the sisters had many demands upon their time and strength; wounded hearts to be comforted, confessions to be heard, advice or re-proof to be given, to say nothing of cut fingers and sore toes to be doctored. They wished for other missionaries to assist with visiting, evangelistic work, translation of helpful books, attend to their cattle and grounds, cut patterns or dresses and skirts, according to the desire of those asking the favor and meet all the interruptions incident to a missionary's life.

Some people in Ruk said the monotony was “killing” for the Baldwin sisters always found too much to

do and too great happiness in their work to be troubled with any monotony. They said the work was more than four persons could cope with but “we can only pray that the Master will bless and multiply the little service rendered.”

Some scientists cruising in the lagoon said they had nowhere seen such heathens as those in Ruk but the Baldwins said, “do not let that prejudice you against our people. It is really the red paint on their faces that gives them so hideous an appearance, and the long native knives they carry are rather forbidding, but as a rule in looking into their faces, one sees a kindly expression.”

The arrival of the Morning Star V in late November 1904 caused great excitement and joy. No Morning Star for five years had been a great handicap to the mission work. Now that the Star had arrived it was to call at all the mission stations in the Mortlock Islands which gave Miss Elizabeth an opportunity to visit those out stations, where she recruited some girls for their school at Ruk. At one stop she was greatly surprised to hear the Islanders shouting their welcome to such familiar tunes as “John's Brown's Body” and “Yankee Doodle!” At another station the tide being too low for the dinghy to take passengers to shore, an islander came out in his outrigger canoe to take Miss Baldwin and three others ashore. The girls who were with Miss Baldwin jumped overboard and waded in. At the various stations, where there were only island teachers working, there were conditions both spiritual and physical to cause rejoicing and encouragement, but others where the mission property was dirty and people had yielded to temptations which disturbed the missionary. Some of the island teachers were not yet spiritually strong enough to work without an American missionary to give advice, encouragement and help. Miss Jane once wrote, “The enemy of souls is not effected by tropical inertia.”

In expressing her thanks for the Morning Star Miss Elizabeth wrote, “the people here are greatly delighted with her speed and accommodations, and who can measure her influence for good as she goes among them bringing assistance in their times of difficulty, temptation and discouragement, and those who will instruct them in the ways of the Lord?”

“The result cannot be expressed in any series of statistics, however carefully prepared. She is the missionary's right hand, his faithful helpmate without whose assistance his work is necessarily cramped and limited, but whose aid, under the blessing of God, brings him constant opportunities for enlargement and development along all lines.

“May God give to everyone of us the far look, the eye of faith to penetrate beyond the veil of seeming present failures, and behold the perfected fruit.”

A year after Miss Elizabeth's trip, Miss Jane went on the Morning Star to the Hall Islands. She wrote, “The new Morning Star, sent to us last year, has given an opportunity long desired. Over five years ago as the old Morning Star IV was passing the Hall Islands on her way to Honolulu, the request for a teacher was made. During these intervening years there has been no Morning Star and no opportunity to open new fields of labor. It was, therefore, with joy that we sailed on December twenty-ninth for the Hall Islands with Panasi and Lucy, a young couple to be stationed on those islands, if, after all these years of waiting, the people would receive a teacher. Is it not sad to think of all the money wasted in the homeland and remember these islanders, only sixty miles distant from Ruk, who have waited five years for someone to tell them of the way of salvation?”

It was fortunate that the Baldwin sisters had visited some of the mission stations on Morning Star V for shortly thereafter the Board decided that it could no longer afford the great expense of running that ship. By then there were commercial vessels on which mail and missionaries could travel to and from America. Smaller boats, such as the Robert Logan, enabled the “circuit-riders” to visit the different island stations periodically, therefore Morning Stars were no longer needed to ply between the Islands and America.

Spain sold the Caroline Islands to the Germans shortly before the turn of the century but after the Spanish-American war. The Baldwins were then required to teach German in the Girls' School. Rigid inspections were made from time to time, yet those sisters always looked on the bright side of their experiences and put disagreeable events into God's hands to rectify.

The heat, humidity and exacting work in Ruk once laid Miss Baldwin low with tropical exhaustion. “Get out of these parts if you want to go on living” were words hard to take. She had answered the call to “go” and Jesus had promised, “all power is given me, go and I will be with you always.” Miss Elizabeth believed that God who had called her to Ruk would heal her. He did. After two weeks in bed she was able to be up and soon thereafter she continued her work until 1910 when she and her sister went on their first furlough in eleven years. They had proved that they were not “too old” to begin work in the foreign field, or “too old” to learn a new language.

Ships which were then going from Ruk to Germany caused the sisters to decide to return to New Jersey by way of Turkey thus enabling them to visit their brother Theodore who was a missionary there.

Headquarters for the Misses Baldwin in the States were with their brother Wilmer and his family in East Orange, N.J.; however those consecrated missionaries did not take much time for rest or recreation while on furlough. They did deputation work, speaking in many different churches. They also took part in the *World in Boston*, an interdenominational missionary project.

The people they met were not expected to know much about the doings in Micronesia, but great was the surprise of the Baldwins to discover that the women they met did not know as much about world affairs as the missionaries themselves did, for they had subscribed to and read faithfully the Literary Digest, an excellent magazine for keeping a person abreast of the times.

In 1911 when the time came for the Misses Baldwin to return to Micronesia, the mission Board had turned over their work in Ruk to the Liebenzell Mission. The sisters were therefore assigned to the Girls' School in Kusaie. That was not an unknown place to them. They had vivid recollections of the Morning Star Harbor, where the Queen of the Isles had anchored, of the steep climb to Mwot and of the beautiful view from the school grounds, also of the three languages used in that school! What would they do? It was decided that Miss Elizabeth would learn Kusaie and Gilbertese languages and Miss Jane the Marshallese and Gilbertese ones, thus enabling one or the other of them to talk to all of the students in their own tongue.

Just to think of learning *one* strange language at the age of fifty-one, or even forty-seven, would discourage the average person but not these intrepid servants of God. Those indomitable Baldwin sisters not only taught in two languages but they translated books into them.

After a typhoon had destroyed the buildings of the Men's Training Schools on Kusaie, it was decided to



return the Gilbertese to the Gilbert Islands and the Marshallese to theirs. The removal of all these men left the Girls' School without sufficient people to gather food for the needs of the girls. As a last resort the Baldwins asked a few Kusaies if they would allow their sons to live on the mission property and gather food each day for the girls; in exchange for their services the Baldwins would teach the boys. Their parents were delighted to have their sons educated and before long other parents were offering their sons until the sisters had a boys' school as well as a girls' school. Separate classes were held so the students would not have an opportunity to pass notes; however they had morning devotions together, when girls would generously lend their hymn books to the boys who took from them any notes which might be hidden within the pages! The boys left notes for the girls tucked under the pandanus mats on which the students sat! The sisters never suspected what was being done.

After morning devotions came classes, then afternoons were given over to translating – no siestas for these “girls”! Each year they translated the Christian Endeavor and Sunday School lesson topics into Trukese, Kusaian and Marshallese. Often they spent hours trying to find an appropriate text for those topics because only parts of the Bible were yet translated into those tongues. When they had completed them the translations were given to some of the girls who had been taught how to set type. When the type was all set the boys did the printing. The Baldwins also translated and had printed in the Kusaian, Marshallese and Trukese languages a Life of Christ and Pilgrim's Progress, as well as an arithmetic book into two of those languages. No Islander was ever charged for any of these materials. Fortunately the sisters had sufficient income to support themselves. Just as in Truk, the students paid nothing for their expenses at the school.

In Kusaie Miss Elizabeth became “Mother Baldwin” and Miss Jane “Mother DuBois,” which was her middle name. Once a graduate of the school wrote a letter to her and addressed it to “Mother Two Boys.” Well, I guess she was equal to two boys!

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the sisters' arrival in Micronesia they received a foot-powered press which was far superior to their hand press, however during the first World War it increased their privations. Instead of using the little sugar they could obtain for their tea and coffee it was used in making rollers for the press!

Those dear women never thought of their own comfort. Despite the intense heat, every night during their life at Mwot as well as at Lelu, the sisters went to bed fully dressed in order to be instantly ready to answer any emergency call that might come. Once when the Baldwins were told that golden crowns would be awaiting them in heaven, Miss Jane, remembering certain dental pieces that had outlived their usefulness, replied with a twinkle: “I already have several gold crowns laid up in my bureau drawer.”

Mother Baldwin was so eager for the Kusaies to have a complete Bible in their own language that in 1915 she began the arduous and lengthy task of translating the whole bible into Kusaian. Hiram Bingham, a former missionary in the Gilberts, had first reduced that language to writing and then had translated the whole Bible into the Gilbertese tongue. It was considered to be an exceptionally skillful piece of work, consequently Mother Baldwin, having learned the Gilbert Island language for use in the Kusaie Girls' School, used Mr. Bingham's translation, as well as various English ones, to help in her Kusaian translation. Her special assistant in the work was Kefwas, a very soft-spoken man whose mother was a Kusaian but whose father was a negro who had stopped at Kusaie on a whaling ship. Kefwas had been educated at the Mission School, yet he looked and spoke like a refined Southern negro. Had he been born in the United States he might have become another George Washington

Carver.

Days were not long enough to work on her translations so Mother Baldwin continued with her work in the evenings by the light of a kerosene lamp which did not give a wide expanse of sufficient light. Also there were no oculists in the Islands to fit her in new glasses and gradually her eyes began to fail.

Mother DuBois taught their handy man how to bind books which enabled him to bind all of the copies of the Bible that were printed. How grateful the Kusaiens were to have a complete Bible of their own! It caused Mother Baldwin to lose her eyesight but she never counted the cost, her self-appointed task had been completed, she had given the Kusaiens the Word of God in their own language.

When the Japanese freighter, on which Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCall and I arrived at Kusaie, dropped anchor and the formalities were over a fine looking man wearing a Japanese style uniform coat and white trousers climbed aboard to welcome us. He proved to be the much respected and loved pastor, Fred Skillings, whose father came from Portland, Maine, and his mother from Nauru. He brought an invitation from the Misses Baldwin for dinner that evening. Eleven others, counting the Baldwins, were ready to sit down at a long table which had been set up on their porch when "Home Sweet Home" burst forth on the air. "America" and four other selections followed. Thus the Lelu band greeted us! When we sat down the food which had been hot was cold but that was a common occurrence for the Baldwins! The members of the band were rewarded with ship's biscuit and tea while the invited guests had a feast which had been prepared by the Queen and the pastor's wife. The party broke up after evening prayers which followed the dinner.

Mr. McCall went to Mwot the next day, while Mrs. McCall and I were to go the following day. Now the Baldwin sisters' minds were at peace for they knew their school would be cared for.

Life in Lelu was pleasant for the Baldwins. Mail and supplies could be obtained without a long canoe ride. Their "children" often dropped in for a visit, or to get help in preparing a Sunday School lesson or a talk for a meeting. What a joy still to be of service! New babies were shown off and held by Mother DuBois who always had a present, often a can of milk, for the infant.

It was not Miss Jane, whom the doctor had said would never live to grow up, that suffered from severe illnesses in the Islands but Miss Elizabeth. Not only was she put to bed by tropical exhaustion while in Truk and again by a sun stroke in Kusaie but not long before they retired she met with an accident which permanently impaired her health. She and her sister were on the big school canoe taking some students and their baggage to Lelu when a huge wave tipped the canoe over and a large box of books fell on Miss Elizabeth's back. From that time on she was not really well, but because she never complained no one knew just how miserable she did feel.

Miss Elizabeth had always been the "Major" and Miss Jane her faithful "Sergeant," responding to every suggestion of her superior officer! I doubt if Miss Jane did anything without first consulting Miss Elizabeth. Perhaps one of the most disliked things Miss Jane had to do was to go to Lelu on errands without her sister. She once told me that when she was at Lelu without her sister she would stand facing the mountain on the other side of which was Mwot, and think of her sister wondering what she was doing and how she was managing. It must have been a great relief to both of the women when they were settled on Lelu in the little house made for them by King John. There were only three rooms: the kitchen, dining-room-living-room combination and their bedroom, out of which was a tiny

bathroom, the size of a clothes closet. Across the front of the house was a porch on which they seldom sat during the day for the bright light was hard on Miss Jane's eyes. They took two of the older school girls at Mwot to help with the cooking and house cleaning. Those girls slept on the floor in the bedroom. Jonah, the handy man, and his wife slept on the kitchen floor.

From time to time Mother Baldwin was confined to her bed, but then she would rally. On her eightieth birthday she was able to receive her friends and treat them to doughnuts, according to her custom, but food no longer appealed to her. She wanted only ice cream made with no flavoring but not much sugar. Fortunately, since moving to Lelu, they had bought a kerosene refrigerator so were able to have ice cream on hand all the time. Early in October a fall put Mother Baldwin in bed. She was in great pain but seemed not to have broken any bones. She refused to have a "heathen" doctor called, however as she grew weaker and weaker she realized that an autopsy would be performed if she died without having been seen by the Japanese doctor, therefore she permitted him to come. He could do nothing more than to give her a sedative which she refused to take. The doctor left with the request that he be summoned again if needed. About two weeks later he was called once more, this time to sign her death certificate. Mother Baldwin had lived courageously, given herself unstintingly for forty years to the Lord's work and on October 31, 1939, died in peace of mind, if not of body.

The "Major" had passed on to a higher position and her "Sergeant" felt she could not live more than six weeks without her. "We were like a pair of scissors," she said, "one blade cannot work without the other." the grave stone for her sister and herself was ordered, engraved with all the data about them both except for Miss Jane's death date. However, the King and Queen moved right in with her, using the living room as their sleeping quarters. Three meals a day were prepared for all of them, Mother DuBois ate and she lived. Needless to say, she never ceased to miss her sister but she did not mourn, as some might, for she could rejoice with her dear one who had preceded her to the Promised Land and would be waiting to welcome her when she, too, would be released from her earthly tabernacle. Mother DuBois gradually adjusted to the new conditions and was never alone. The "children" continued to drop in frequently, as they had done when Mother Baldwin was living.

Eight stumps in Mother DuBois's mouth made eating difficult, consequently after a Japanese woman dentist had come from Jaluit to Kusaie to attend to the teeth of the students of Mwot, she was asked to take care of the needs of the people living in Lelu. Mother DuBois who made an appointment to have her eight stumps removed. The dentist wished to take four out one day and four at a later time but Miss Jane preferred to have a sore mouth only once and insisted on having all eight stumps dug out at one sitting. The dentist felt the operation was harder on her than on Mother DuBois, but I doubt if her patient agreed with her! For days she could take no solid food, but her anticipation of eventually having her dentures was great. Then suddenly word came that the dentist had left to return to Jaluit! Horrors! No impressions had been taken for dentures. What would Miss Baldwin do? Gradually her gums healed, but she could not chew solid food. I went three hundred miles to Ponape to consult with a male dentist there. He could not come to Kusaie but he gave me the needed equipment for taking the first impressions, told me how to do it and I returned on the next ship which came a month later. The day had arrived when I was to take the impressions, and needless to say I was not at all skillful; some of the white cement stuck on Mother DuBois's lips and cheeks making her look somewhat like a clown, but she was a good sport and did not get annoyed when I laughed at the way she looked. The impressions were carefully packed in absorbent cotton and sent back to the dentist. A month later the second impressions were sent to me with instructions as to what to do. After having fitted them to her jaws, these impressions were packed carefully in the same manner as the previous ones and returned to

the dentist. On the following ship came her dentures. All the months of discomfort, pain, soreness and tedious waiting had ended. Mother DuBois could once more enjoy her meals.

Weeks and months passed by. It was October 1940. One day I was visiting with that veteran missionary who wished to die in Kusaie and have her body laid to rest beside that of her sister when suddenly she surprised me by saying, "I don't want to live out here through another war. I lived during the first World War on native foods but I am now too old to do that." I had not thought a war was imminent and said, "I doubt if there will be a war but if you wish to go home I will take you." She was seventy-five years old and unable to travel alone because of a bad leg and impaired eyesight. She objected to taking me away from the school at Mwot for the McCalls had already returned to the United States due to the ill health of Mrs. McCall. I assured Miss Baldwin that the Japanese and island teachers could manage the school all right during my absence. A ship had just left Kusaie for Jaluit and I insisted upon going right to the steamship office to see if we could obtain passage on that ship when it returned on her way back to Japan. We could, therefore I then went to the police office and asked for permission to leave the Islands. The Japanese policeman felt sure our request would be granted, so I radioed our mission treasurer in Japan to secure reservations for us on a ship from Japan to the United States.

I left Mother DuBois excited over the prospect of leaving so soon but wondering how she could ever get ready in six days. It was a trip of three to four hours back to Mwot. Such a hustle and bustle as followed. My idea was to take Miss Baldwin home and to return to Kusaie within six months. The days flew by and it was time to say, "Itte Mairimasu." (A Japanese expression of parting meaning I go and come back.) I was off on my little canoe for Lelu the day before the ship was due. As soon as we were within earshot of the mission house in Lelu a boy standing on the shore called out, "The policeman wants to see you, Mother Wilson." High waves as we crossed the reef had wet me to the skin. When we reached shore, I jumped out of the canoe, opened the mission house, hurriedly changed into dry clothes and then set off for the police office. "I am sorry, Miss Wilson," the policeman began, "but you and Miss Baldwin cannot leave." "What," I gasped, "is the ship not returning?" "The ship is coming," he replied, "but a radio dispatch has come saying you are not to go." That was a shock in the solar plexus, but being a Christian I said to myself, "Well, it must be that God has other plans for us." A radio message was sent to our mission treasurer stating the cause for the change in our plans and asking him to cancel our reservations to the States. I then trudged over to Miss Baldwin's house and as I drew near I saw that her porch was packed high with crates and boxes. How all those things had been prepared in five days I did not know but apparently the lady was ready to go! After our greeting I broke the news to her as gently as possible. She was crushed; for five days she had worked hard and she was tired. Back I went to Mwot, unpacked and continued my work.

Time went on but no word from our treasurer concerning our departure, then one day in December the post master said, "I can't believe there will be a war. Japan could never win against the United States, therefore she will not start a war and America has nothing to gain from Japan so she will not start one. There is no need of your taking Miss Baldwin back to the States for if I am wrong and there should be a war I'll take care of you both." When I repeated his remarks to Mother DuBois, she was not convinced. She seemed to have a seventh sense that war was in the offing!

The latter part of January word came that we could leave. Our sympathetic policeman had been transferred to Jaluit. The new policeman said we could not get a first class cabin on the next ship, that Miss Baldwin was too old to go third class and we had better wait until the Yokohama Maru came in

March. Not knowing how Miss Baldwin would feel I went back to her house to ask her what she wanted to do: go third class about the middle of February or wait another month and have a first class cabin. "We'll go third class," she replied unhesitatingly.

Again I went to the police office and said we would go on the Palau Maru due about the middle of February. A dispatch went to our mission treasurer stating that we could secure only third class accommodations on the February ship which would be difficult for Miss Baldwin. My packing had to be done all over again but Mother DuBois's faith had caused her to leave the crates and boxes as they were on her porch.

A week later a copy of a dispatch to the steamship office in Lelu came to me. It read: "Reserve cabin eight for Baldwin and Wilson." Later I learned that a similar dispatch had been sent to the captain of the Palau Maru. Before I got the news to Mother DuBois she had made all preparations to go third class. More boxes were in a separate place so they would go with us and not be put in with her freight. These were boxes containing canned goods, crackers, cookies, all the equipment needed for making and serving tea and coffee, knives, forks and spoons, everything she thought we might need even to dish towels, for she knew she could not eat Japanese foods such as were served in the third class. Another box with a hinged cover and padlock proved to be a "commode" which the King had fixed knowing Mother DuBois could not use a Japanese-style toilet. The King had also made a wooden bed for each of us not realizing that we could not place them on the tatami floor. Miss Baldwin was all prepared for traveling third class, and even though we went first class, her extra boxes were put in our cabin "just in case of an emergency!" Before the Palau Maru arrived a dispatch from our mission treasurer came *demanding* that we leave on the February ship.

The day came for our departure. Determined as Miss Baldwin was to leave, nevertheless it was a very sad occasion for her. She was not only leaving her sister's grave, but also the place which had been her home for almost twenty-nine years. She knew every person living in Kusaie. She had named many of them. They were all her "children" and she was leaving Kusaie never to return. She sat on her deck chair as one after another of her friends came to shake her hand and say "goodbye." When Jonah, her handy man of many years, came he dropped to his knees and prayed for a safe journey for this woman who for so many years had been like a real mother to him. The whistle blew, the folks scurried down the gang-plank onto their canoes. A bevy of outriggers loaded with people waving and singing, followed the ship until we steamed out of that little harbor. One young man, to show his feelings, took off his shirt, swung it over his head a few times and let it fly as far as it could before landing on the water. Brave Mother DuBois never shed a tear when bidding her friends goodbye, nor as she sat gazing at the scenery which she would never again see. By the time we had reached the other side of the island the ship was too far out for her to see the house at Mwot which had been her home for twenty-four years. She was on her way to a different life to which the adjustment would be as difficult as that she had experienced when first arriving in Micronesia, but she would have many more conveniences than she had in those little islands!

Breakfasts and suppers were Japanese style on the ship and before supper the steward came to our cabin and said to me in Japanese, which language I had learned while serving in Japan, "I understand that you can eat Japanese food but what about this woman, what would she like to have for supper?" I interpreted his question to Miss Baldwin whose reply was, "What is there to have?" He said she could have cold cuts, eggs, toast, tea or coffee. She settled for cold cuts, toast and tea. When her supper came, on her plate was a stalk of celery, the first she had seen in more than a quarter of a century and

she ate it with as much enjoyment as a child with a lollipop.

At our first stop, Ponape, some of our friends came aboard for a little visit, but when we reached Truk nobody came to see us. I thought it was queer because there was one elderly Japanese man who always came down to a ship when it was in port, however, no one but copra loaders was allowed on the ship. It was a great disappointment to Miss Baldwin for she had looked forward to seeing some of her “girls” who had been in the school where she had taught for eleven years before going to Kusaie.

Great changes had taken place in Truk since the Baldwin sisters had left there in 1910, and even greater changes have come about since the day we stopped there on our way to Japan in February 1941. Today elementary education is compulsory; many students go to high school, and several go on each year to college or trade school. The Baldwins helped to start the Trukese toward their change from a primitive to a twentieth century people who vote for senators and congressmen to represent them in the Congress of Micronesia.

When Miss Baldwin boarded the ship at Kusaie white sneakers did not look out of place, but how would they look when landing at Yokohama? It had to be white sneakers or black “pompom” bedroom slippers for Miss Baldwin had no regular shoes. We finally settled on the bedroom slippers and I doubt if anyone noticed that they were not shoes. Later when we arrived at Yokohama it was snowing. Miss Baldwin was glad that, except for shoes, she had warm clothing to wear.

A muffler, thrown around her neck, covered her mouth and nose. Thus clad off she went holding tightly to the arm of a man who had come to meet us. At the foot of the gangplank was a taxi which whisked us off to a hotel in Yokohama only to discover that there was no heat in any hotel in the city that day. Consequently we ate dinner with our coats and hats on and then went to bed to keep warm. “Would you like a hotwater bottle?” I inquired after we were in bed. “No, it would make me perspire,” she calmly replied, “and then I might catch cold.” The following day she was taken to a missionary's home in Tokyo where she sat much of the time with her hand on the radiator. Each night when preparing for bed Miss Baldwin would take off only her dress, slip quickly into her nightgown and get into bed as fast as possible. Thus she was able to keep warm at night. She was a person of a determined will and perhaps thanks to that she did not catch cold during her four-day stay in Japan.

On her way from Japan to San Francisco Miss Baldwin was greatly impressed with the improvements which had been made to ships since her arrival in Kusaie twenty-nine years before. It was a comfortable voyage and before reaching the West Coast the Japanese steward on the Tatsuta Maru presented her with a huge cake decorated to the nth degree. Of course that touched her heart and she landed in America feeling that the Japanese were a kind and thoughtful people.

After reaching San Francisco this woman who had not seen a modern city for twenty-nine years wakened to a new world of telephones, radios, neon signs, speeding automobiles, and frozen foods! But she was even more impressed by the crowds of people. There she was in a great city where she knew no one and where people were swarming around her and pushing past her so constantly it was almost oppressive. Yet she must get to a shoe store for shoes were a necessity in the United States; therefore, in spite of the mobs of people and confusion, she must buy some shoes.

In store after store no shoes could be found which felt comfortable to feet that had worn sneakers for more than quarter of a century! In desperation she finally settled for a shoe something like a moccasin

which she wore back to the hotel, but as soon as she reached her room off they came - "I can't wear these things!" she explained in great disgust. Off to Los Angeles she went in bedroom slippers. We had no better success in the stores there, hence she arrived at her niece's home in New Jersey in bedroom slippers.

The following day I wished to buy a pair of shoes so her niece, Miss Anna Baldwin, took me and her aunt to a store that carried the make of shoe that I wore. When Miss Jane saw my new shoes she asked to try on a pair of the same make. She stood up and walked a few steps, then said, "I'll take these." I warned, "Are you sure they fit your feet?" They did. At last her shoe problem had been solved and we could turn to her next need, namely that she be fitted to a corset, a garment for which she had no need in the Tropics. The first one she tried was "too tight," but the second one she said was all right - in fact it was large enough for her to put her hand down between herself and the corset! Her niece suggested that it was too large but her aunt was sure it was her correct size. When we reached the elevator to go down to the street floor, Miss Jane looked down and pointing to something that stuck up above her waist line said, "What's that?" "It's your corset" her niece replied. "I can't wear this, it's too big." her aunt ejaculated, so back we went and Miss Jane took the smaller size. The next morning at breakfast she said in disgust, "That corset is too tight. I can't wear it." Fortunately her niece had the Baldwin sense of humor and could laugh inwardly instead of feeling annoyed. The trials of having to adjust to a sophisticated society were just beginning for Miss Jane.

The familiar family furniture in her niece's home made Miss Baldwin feel comfortable and "at home." A radio kept her interested and up to date with news while her niece worked. Of course she missed her island "children" but, like that great apostle Paul, she had learned in whatsoever state she was to be content.

After several years of a happy life in Orange, new Jersey, Miss Baldwin had a number of strokes which fortunately did not effect her mind, but which necessitated her being in a nursing home. She longed for the day when her release would come and she would be with her Lord and her dear ones in that home in which there would be no physical handicaps and from which there would be no more partings. That day came on July 5, 1949 when Miss Jane Baldwin was eighty-six years old, forty-one of which were spent in Micronesia.

No story of the pioneer women of the west is packed with more trying experiences, courage, and faith than that of the indomitable Baldwin sisters who lived through typhoons, short rations, epidemics, illness and war.

Mr. Harold W. Hackett, a missionary in Japan who had visited the Baldwins in Kusaie, wrote in his letter of sympathy to Miss Anna Baldwin, "Her passing comes at a time when life had been lived to the full. Her life held so much of accomplishment that the sense of sorrow is tempered with gratitude and admiration for a life so richly lived.... The influence of their [Baldwin sisters] lives reached into remote island places and it was always an influence which served to strengthen the character of the people. During the last war and during the liberation of the islands, I know that our armed forces were at many times astonished by the quiet dignity and knowledge of many of the island people. Many of them were graduates or former students of the Truk or Kusaie schools."

Their work lives on!